

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the [slave](#)
Come hither, [cover](#)'d with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the [stock](#) and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A [villain](#) that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that [villain](#) Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, [gentle](#) coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Vadero brags of him
To be a [virtuous](#) and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the [wealth](#) of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be [patient](#), take no note of him:

TYBALT

It fits, when such a [villain](#) is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a [shame](#).

CAPULET

Go to, go to;
You are a [saucy](#) boy: is't so, indeed?
Be quiet, or--More [light](#), more light! For [shame](#)!
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now [seeming](#) sweet [convert](#) to bitter gall.

Exit